

# Western Reserve Chronicle

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WHOLE NO. 2072.

## Poetry.

From the Dollar Newspaper.  
BY AND BY.

By and by, a sweet voice whispered:  
Then the days of hope began;  
By and by, my own lips murmured,  
"O, the boy, shall be a man."  
By and by, time hourly tutored,  
"You'll have your allotted span."  
All the light is gleaming under:  
Past time darkens on the eye,  
White youth, and thick, and ponder  
On the dawning twilight;  
Hope waves like vapour wonder,  
And the breast utters a sigh,  
But the soul persists to utter,  
"Wait you! wait you!—by and by!"  
By and by, across life's desert,  
Show the sweetest, blindest air;  
By and by, my own lips murmured,  
"Come, fulfilled, like dove in pair;  
By and by, for blessed quiet  
Is exchanged a word of care."  
O the promise of that morn,  
Lying under future skies!  
O the joy, without the sorrow,  
That within that Eden lies;  
Therefrom we do hourly borrow  
Hope to meet here's poor supplies.  
There lies Lavinia at the gate side,  
By and by, my own lips murmured,  
"By and by, my own lips murmured,  
"Come, fulfilled, like dove in pair;  
By and by, for blessed quiet  
Is exchanged a word of care."  
Wait we then, in shadow's patient;  
Only let not hope go down;  
To the star forever radiant;  
Set in time's broad horizon.  
Wait we then, in shadow's patient;  
Only let not hope go down.

## THE WARNING.

BEWARE! the tyrant's eye, who tore  
The lion in his paw—poor and blind,  
He saw the light of heaven no more,  
Shorn of his noble mane, and forced to grind  
In prison, and at last led forth to be  
A pauper of Philistine's den.  
Upon the pillars of the temple laid  
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow  
Destructive himself, and with him those who made  
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe!  
The poor, blind slave, the scold and jest of all,  
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!  
There is a power, blind Sampson in this land,  
Shorn of his strength, and sent to tumble in steel  
Who may, in some grim revolt, raise his hand,  
And shake the pillars of the Commonwealth.  
Till the vast Temple of our liberties  
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

## Choice Miscellany.

### HOW TO PRESERVE WOMEN.

Under this head the Springfield (Mass.) Republican makes the following very sensible suggestions, which if more adopted by the sex, would produce a class of women much better fitted for the responsible duties of their position, than the great mass who are daily and hourly seen proming the sidewalks. Let those for whose benefit it is intended, carefully treasure the receipt and apply the remedies.

There is nothing in this world that we think so much of as we do of women.—Our mother is a woman—wife, sisters, pretty cousins, are all women; and the daughters will be, if (Heaven spare them!) they live long enough. And then there is the love of women in general, which we do not deny. A fine, magnificent specimen of the sex, full of life and health—a ripe, red cheek, and lip and flashing eye, is something that does one good to look at, as she illuminates the humdrum sidewalks of everyday streets. A North River steamboat under full headway, with colors flying, is rather a pretty sight, rather stirring and inspiring; and we pull up our fire and on the shore to see her pass, and admire the swell she cuts. Comparatively however, the steamer sinks into insignificance, or some other very deep water, by the side of a well kept, well dressed woman. There is no rubbing it out; women are an ornament, charm, blessing, beauty and bliss of life, (man's life, we mean, of course,) any means that can be devised for preserving them should be publicly made known. They are different from any other kind of fruit. They cannot pickle them; vinegar absolutely spoils them. You cannot do them up in sugar and set them in a cold room, with a paper soaked in brandy over their mouths. You cannot put them into cans and seal them up air-tight without injuring their flavor. Now, as men are so dependent on women for life's choice blessings, a proper mode of preserving them becomes a matter of great moment, and we are sure that the public will thank us for an unfailing receipt. Here they have it:

Wash clean in cool water as often as three times a week in cold weather, and every day in warm weather, and then rub dry with a coarse towel. If the skin takes on a bluish under the friction of the towel, so much the better. It be-

trays inherent vitality and a happy reaction. After the glow is well established, dress in winter with thick flannel—flannel jacket next to the skin, and a pair of flannel drawers, which like the jacket, were better knit, and fitted closely.—Over the terminations of these, heavy woolen or worsted hose should be drawn. If this preliminary process is perfected, a very important step has been taken towards the general result. Women are spoiled nearly as much from unprotected limbs as from unprotected feet.—Skirts are but an indifferent protection. Well, then, after the jackets and drawers are on, and the woolen hose, there is nothing to hinder the perfection of the dress after the usual mode. The woman is on the direct road to preservation, and no damage is done to her looks.

Expose to the air daily. As a preparation for this, put the feet already enclosed in woolen hose, (premising still that the season is winter,) in thick-soled shoes, or in regular Wellington boots.—The thin slippers, and the thin cold rubbers beneath are not enough. A better conductor of caloric could hardly be found than they combined to prudence. Besides, the rubber confines the moisture of the foot, and every moment it is worn, the worse it becomes, until the connection of the foot with the ice beneath is almost as direct as if no medium intervened. We would not discourage rubbers over thick shoes, to be worn during brief passages. They are very useful and convenient, but they never should be relied upon as the main protection of the feet.

Having the feet well protected, pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs.—There abide the heart and lungs. It is from the impression made upon these organs through the skin that the shiver comes. It is nature's quake—the alarm bell—at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs or hands; but let the cold strike through her clothing upon her chest, and off go her teeth into a chatter, and the whole organism is in commotion.—One sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore, while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attended to, the natural connections of dress will supply the rest, and the woman is ready for her air. Now let her visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for the good of it, or the fun of it.

Keep away from the stove or the register. Air that is dried or burnt, more or less charged with the gases evolved by the consumption of fuel is poison.—Go up stairs and make the beds with mittens on. Fly around the house like mad and ventilate the rooms. Don't sit pent up in a single room with double windows. Fruit will not retain its full force and flavor in air-tight cans; neither will women. They need air. If the shiver comes on in these operations, go directly and put on something more about the chest.

Thus much for the winter treatment. Generally, for the other seasons of the year, adapt the clothing to every change of temperature. This may require a modification of the dress four or five times a day but it pays. Ours is a variable climate, and if we are fit to live in it, or must live in it, we must take it as it is, and make the best of it; and the way to make the best of it is by placing more or less between the atmosphere and the skin.

Again, do not live in dark rooms.—Light fades the carpet, but it feeds the flower. No living thing, vegetable or animal, can enjoy health in darkness.—Light is almost as necessary as air, and a brown tan is far preferable, even as a matter of beauty, to a sickly pale complexion.

Thus much in regard to the physical means for preservation. There are moral means no less important. Every woman should be married to an excellent man. (Marriage, it is true, brings care and wear, but it is the ring that is worn that keeps bright, and the watch that lies still unwound that gets out of order.) The sweet sympathy evolved in the relations of the family, the new energies developed by new responsibilities, the new compensations secured for all outlays of strength, bring about a delightful play of the heart and intellect, which, in their reaction upon the body, produce an effect that is nothing less than preservation. There is a higher moral power than this—one which we speak of soberly and honestly. No one is completely armed against the encroaching ill of life, who has in his heart no place for religion. The calmness, patience, the joy and the hope that are in possession of a woman whose heart is right in its highest relation, can never fail to preserve and lighten every personal power and charm that she possesses.

There you have the receipt. Some of it is in sportive form, but it is none the less sober truth. It has within it a cure for many a disease—the preventive for more. It might be made longer, but who now sees its prescription universally adopted, it will be time to bring forward the remainder.

## THE WOMEN OF KANSAS.

The day will come when the "Women of Kansas" will stand side by side on the scroll of honor with the "Women of the Revolution." Ohio has some noble women representatives in Kansas, and if their details of the wrongs done to Freedom by the barbarians of the South and the bigger divisions of the Pierce Administration, will not weld the people of the Free States into one mass of opposition to the extension of Slavery, nothing can accomplish that object.

Mr. S. N. Wood, for whom such serious fears had been entertained, we are glad to notice has escaped from the "Ruffians," and is now in Ohio. At a meeting at Columbus on Friday last, Mr. Wood was present, and, on request of Gov. Chase, read a letter which he had just received from his wife at Lawrence. Mrs. Wood was once Margaret W. Lyon, of Lexington, Richmond county, in this State. One letter is dated at Topeka May 23d, and gives an account of the murder of young Jones at Blanton's Bridge, and of young Stewart near Lawrence, and of the seeking of Lawrence. The second letter was dated Lawrence, May 26th, from which we make extracts:

LAWRENCE, May 26, 1856.  
Here I am at home, and rejoice to learn that there are some circumstances that apologize for the conduct of the Lawrence men. All circumstances go to prove that it was a premeditated thing among the Territorial officials. Shannon enrolled the Southern mob as a Territorial militia, to enforce the laws. The pro-slavery party and all their border papers were clamoring forth to the world that we are resisting, and would resist U. S. authority. Our people held meetings, passed resolutions, and sent as the expression of the meeting to Donaldson, that they stood ready to assist him in making arrests under the authority of the U. S. They sent messengers to him to assure him of this; yet on last Wednesday he came with a large posse of the Southern mob, and arrested Jenkins and Deitzler. Jones' mob were on Capitol hill all day, having come there in the morning as soon as the Marshal made his arrests. He disbanded the wretches in the street, and Jones joined them by his company, proclaimed himself Deputy U. S. Marshal, and in the name of the U. S. demanded the arms, both private and public property in town—said that if they were not given up the town should be destroyed—said the Court at Leecompton had ordered it. The cannons were hid under Jenkins' tin store, and Pomeroy like an old fool went and hauled them out, and ordered our boys to help, but not one would touch it, until some of them were forced to do so with the revolvers of the enemy at their heads, swearing that they would "blow their damned brains out," if they would not obey. They only got about three or four Sharpe's rifles. The boys hid them as well as they could. One of them put his in one leg of his pants, and limped along as though his joints were stiff. After they had got all the arms they could, Atchison and Jones proclaimed that the court at Leecompton (Judge Leecompton) had pronounced, the Free State Hotel, the Printing Presses and Shannon's Bridge all nuisances, and ordered them to remove the same. The presses were attacked first, and my descriptive powers fail to paint to you the scene of desolation that the offices now present. The presses broken in every place that could break, the papers and books torn and strewn all over town, the ink smeared over all the stoves, battered and broken, the type thrown into the river, and strewed like hail through the streets. The hotel went next, as have told you. Pencil sketches of it will have been taken, (of the ruins,) and it will soon be pictured in newspapers all over the Union.

The work of pillage and plunder still went on. When they first entered, the women and children flew like frightened birds across the ravine to Jenkins' house, and about fifty houses were entered by the mob. They tore up beds, ripped them open to find arms. They smashed looking glasses, dishes, furniture, and even children's toys, ate everything they could, and destroyed the rest of the provisions, broke open trunks and stole money and clothes from Johnson's house, including all the boarders' food, about ten thousand dollars were stolen in money, drafts and land warrants. Mr. Stowell had about \$6000 in drafts and land warrants stolen. They stole watches, chains

and all the ladies' jewelry and silk dresses they could find. They tell me it seemed as though a pack of fiends from the infernal regions were let loose upon them. They entered the stores, robbed the money drawers, pulled off their old shabby duds, and dressed themselves in the best they could find. *Dave Atchison*, late Vice President of our glorious Republic, took two boxes of cigars from Brook's store, and stole some shirts which the owner recognized when he saw them on Atchison's back the next day. The disposition they displayed was fiendish beyond anything that ever was seen or imagined. *Jones* declares it was the happiest day of his life—*Jones* whose heart's blood, according to the representation of his friends, was a short time ago crying from the earth for vengeance.

After they had committed their depredations, and were satisfied, Shannon sent for Sumner, to bring his whole command to Leecompton and Lawrence to keep the peace. So they said, but the real object was plain. He knew that our people had been robbed and outraged, and justly feared that they would rise for vengeance, and his real object in sending for them after the mischief was done, was only for the safety of his militia. Why did not Sumner come to our defence when our people sent dispatches imploring his interference? His only answer was that he was with us in sympathy and would be glad to help, but could not move without orders from Shannon. We applied time after time to Shannon, and he replied to some of the messages that he "would see the damned abolitionists of Lawrence in hell before he would send troops to protect them." Pierce had promised in his proclamation last February, protection from invaders—the protection of the U. S. army. Shannon enrolled a band of Southern pirates and blacklegs; as his militia, and let them loose and after their work was done, called the army to prevent us redressing our own wrongs. *Don't I wish I had ten thousand streaks of lightning at my command!*

Now I am going to tell you of my trip home from Topeka. It is interesting. I saw no heard nothing of importance until we arrived at Leecompton. We alighted at the first hotel we came to, and as I had decided that I would see the prisoners, I started towards the prison house at the other end of the town. There were about a dozen ruffians at the place I started from, and I am sure I passed not less than fifty on the street. Almost the first one I met was Dr. Wood. He made a very polite bow, but I turned my head away and passed on.—I also met others among them, that knew me, but I did not return their salutations. I expected to have to get a pass from the Marshal, but as I went directly to their room and seemed determined to enter, one of the soldiers who was standing guard told me to go in. I entered, and never was welcomed with more gladness than by those prisoners. They were G. W. Brown, G. W. Deitzler, Judge Smith, G. Jenkins and Branson. They had just finished their late and inferior dinner, and insisted upon my eating. Judge Smith took a piece of paper and wiped of the knives and spoons, and set a plate for me, and G. W. Brown sat down with me and we ate together.—But the situation of the prisoners and thoughts of our distracted Kansas, so filled my heart with emotion that I found no appetite left for food. I staid with them about an hour, and we conversed together all we could in that time. The Marshal on the night before had all he could do to prevent the mob from taking them out of his hands and murdering them. United States soldiers guard them two or three at a time, but that was not sufficient, and the Marshal armed himself and stood guard until morning. I gave Deitzler those small pistols you gave me, and told him if he saw that he must die, to sell his life as dearly as possible. Although they were glad to see the familiar face of a friend, I saw that a deep melancholy was surrounding and overpowering their spirits. Deitzler took me to one side and gave me a list of those indicted for high treason; don't be startled as you read the names:

G. W. Brown, G. W. Deitzler, Jacob Branson, G. Jenkins, A. W. Reeder, J. H. Lane, C. Robinson, S. N. Wood.  
I remarked that it was strange that they were indicted for treason, but he said it was true; that only the day before he had read your indictment, and it was the same as his and Robinson's indictments were. He says it must not be known where you are, or Shannon will make a requisition on you for you, and you will have to be taken to letters to me, no mine to letters to you, and you must direct to some other

name when you write to me. *You, Lane and Reeder* are the only traitors that are now at large!

I forgot to tell you that Mr. Chapin, one of our Ohio party, was taken for Reeder by the rabble, in Lawrence, as he was carrying his carpet sack to a place of safety. They caught him by the arms, and several muskets were held close to his breast. The guns were cocked and murder as fingers were upon the triggers, while cries of "shoot the damned old Governor, kill him, *How him to hell!*" came from the surrounding Ruffians. Some one, who was a Mason, discovered a Masonic sign in his shirt bosom and called for his name. He told them his name was on his carpet bag, and they could read it for themselves.—One of the most officious told Chapin he could not read, but if *Jones* would vouch for his not being Reeder, they would let him go, Jones said he was not, and Mr. Christian took his part and they finally let him go, Jones giving him a pass for his safety.

I supposed when I was in Topeka, that Robin was in Leecompton. It was not so. On last Friday morning, Wilcox saw him at the trading post, at Ball creek, on the Santa Fe road; he ate breakfast in the same room, but so close by he was watched that he did not dare to speak to him. When Wilcox first discovered him, he was sitting on a chair at the side of the house whittling a stick of wood; he was guarded by a band of some 25 or 30 hard looking fellows.—He recognized Wilcox, but neither spoke; as they would allow him no communication with his friends. Wilcox states that he appeared sad and discouraged, except when some one speaks to him, when he assumes the calm, benignant smile so familiar to all his friends. The Free State people do not know where he is, though they try their best to find out; the most reliable information is that he has been carried to Leavenworth, though we don't know positively. Some have their fears that he has been carried off into some lonely spot and murdered; and all have their fears that they intend never to let him out of their hands alive.

Mrs. R. has gone on to Washington with the papers of the Committee. She had them quilted between the folds of cotton in her skirt. Her house and all her household goods burnt to ashes, and her husband in the hands of hyenas in human shape, with thirst for his blood.

A petition is being signed by the ladies of Kansas, asking of Congress redress and protection. Babcock got mad and swore he would resign his appointment as postmaster. He said he would not disgrace himself by holding an office under such a contemptible and cursed Administration as Frank Pierce's. Tell the Administration's friends in Ohio, that they have no allies in Kansas, excepting the Border Ruffians—the dregs of humanity.

The people insisted on Babcock not to resign for fear he should get a pro-slavery man in his place who would act with the postmasters of Westport and Franklin. They have prevailed upon him to keep it.

I forgot to tell you that one of Shannon's Southern militia rode down from Leecompton with us in the stage, for no earthly object I believe, than just to find out by my talk where you are. I pretended to take it for granted that he was a Free State man, and expressed my opinion of the marauders very freely. He sometimes got mad, or at least looked mad, but said nothing until we got near Lawrence, when he said something about Free State people with such bitter irony that I just told him I knew him very well, I knew he was one of that vile, low, degraded pack of cowards that had been committing depredations in the country, and that he could just go back to Leecompton, and tell them he was not smart enough to find out where Mr. Wood was by his wife. He protested that he was not a spy, but was from Ohio, and had only been in Kansas three weeks; but I told him I did not believe him, and that he looked too much like a Southerner, for they were the scum and dregs of all creation, and I knew them when I saw them. I showed him to some of the boys in town, and they ascertained that I judged correctly.

I spent about three hours in town yesterday with friends. All our acquaintances seemed glad to see me home and hear from you. I met friends at every corner. Redpath I met yesterday.

Yours,  
MARGARET W. L. WOOD.

The Welch have a saying, that if a woman was as quick with her feet as with tongue, she would catch lightning enough to kindle fires in the morning.

There is a young man at the North-End of this city so bright that his mother can only look at him through smoked glass, for fear of his hurting her eyes!

## PICNIC MEETING IN FARMINGTON

In the spring of 1848, Abijah Lee, Abigail Moffit and Molly Wade, sisters of the wife of Abijah Lee, migrated, with their children and their families, such as had families, from Montgomery Co., in the State of New York, and settled in Farmington and Bristol.

The return of Lot Moffit of Saint Paul, Minnesota—on a visit among his friends, was made the occasion of a meeting of the descendants of these three original families on the 5th inst.

After hearty greetings and congratulations, on motion of Isaac Lee, Esq., Willard Curtis, was called to the chair, and E. F. Curtis appointed secretary.

Abijah Lee, aforesaid, by invitation addressed the throne of grace. Remarks were made by Reverends Alexander Easton, Newton Young, Ezra Wade, Dwight Bates, and others. Music, instrumental and vocal, was interspersed through these exercises by Mr. Joseph Hazledine, and Mrs. Mobry, of Farmington. Adjourned for dinner. And now followed a feast of good things, and a *flow of soul*. Meeting called to order by the chair, when the following resolutions were unanimously and most enthusiastically passed by the meeting.

Resolved, That, as descendants of the Pilgrim and Revolutionary fathers, we take this occasion to express our hearty sympathy with the people of Kansas in their present struggle for the enjoyment of their natural and inalienable rights—rights guaranteed by the constitution, and which are barely cloven down by a ruffian mob, clearly set on and encouraged by the government of these United States.

Resolved, That in the recent maltreatment of Charles Sumner, with the light in which the act is treated in a portion of our country, we see fearful evidence of an approaching crisis in our government, and we call on the people of the North to prepare their hearts and hands for any calamity that may be in store for them.

The following sentiment, offered by Lester Moffit, of Geauga Co., was heartily adopted.

TO LOT MOFFIT AND LADY.  
It is with regret that we bid you adieu, but such is the order of nature. May you ever be animated by the pure principles of freedom—free to act, free to think, and speak your thought; and may there ever be one righteous Lot to save the city. Though we are called upon to bid you adieu, we will ever cherish you in our memories, and may you with us so live, that though we meet no more on earth, we shall meet in that not far off home, where we shall not be called upon to bid adieu to friends.

The whole number present was 165, beside many absent. After a time of general singing by the friends, spontaneous remarks, and jokes, and nine cheers—three for the descendants of each of the three original stock, the meeting adjourned.

WILLARD CURTIS, Ch'n.

E. F. CURTIS, Sec'y.

## NO GREAT HAND FOR ANGELS.

An old lady entered a well-known book store, and inquired for a treatise on angels. She made the inquiry of a boy, and was told that they had no such book.

This remark caught the ears of the principal salesman, and as he always sells something to everybody who enters the store, he stepped forward, and addressed the old lady.

"We're just out of the book you're in search of, ma'am, but we've got Fox's Book of Martyrs, crammed full of pictures—splendid book for a present!" "Law sakes; dew tell!" said she, "why here's a lot of men a sawin' a poor fellow's head off!" "That gentleman, there, ma'am," explained the salesman, elucidating the picture, "is taking a melted lead sanga-ree, and the other individual is about to be perforated into the intestines with a patent manure fork. I guess you'd like it much better than a work on angels."

"Well, now, that is a better book, I guess, than anything else; what might the price be?" "Twenty shillings, ma'am; very cheap book that."

"Well, dew it up. My darter's jist got married, and she wanted suthin' about angels, but I never was no great hand for angels, nobow."

The lady handed out four parcels, each containing fifty coppers, and completed the amount by adding three battered shillings and a dubious looking sixpence, the whole savoring powerfully of macebooby snuff.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose, in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

## A REIGN OF TERROR IN KANSAS.

LAWRENCE, STATE OF KANSAS, }  
Saturday, May 31. }  
Editors Chicago Tribune:

There is a Reign of Terror in Kansas. The prospects of Freedom are gloomy. The Northern squatters are yielding to despair. Their only hope is in Northern resolution. If the people of the North command their Representatives to stop the supplies, unless Kansas be admitted immediately into the Union, they will fight and struggle till the end; but if the supplies are granted, without this proviso, they must yield to the overwhelming foreign forces united to subdue them.

The position of the Northern people of Kansas is one of imminent peril. The troops, the Courts, the Blue Lodge and the Southern army under Buford and others are incessantly employed in robbing and harassing them.

If Northerners unite for mutual protection, the troops immediately disperse them, and a party of Missouri or Alabama ruffians, following in the footsteps of the soldiery, plunder and insult them with impunity.

Every man who is capable of acting as a leader is either under arrest or under indictment.

The farmers are forced to be idle in their fields for several hours daily, in order to keep up a watch for the approach of guerrillas.

Scouts ride all night in several districts.

Missouri is marshaling her forces again. Lies, malignant and innumerable, are sent in legions along the border counties, to exasperate the people of that State against the Free State Settlers and their political opinions.

A civil war or submission to arbitrary rule, to despotism on the Bench, military dictation and armed mob law, are the only alternatives before the people from the North, in this Territory, who are resolved at all hazards, to remain here.

Col. Sumner has been removed from Fort Leavenworth, and the merciless Gen. Harney has been appointed to succeed him. Harney hates Northern principles as intensely as he hates the Indians; whilst Col. Sumner, on the contrary, was supposed to be favorable to the Free State cause and to Northern men. "We mean to subdue you," said Douglas—and Harney was chosen to execute the threat.

## AN EAGLE HATCHED AND NURSED BY A SHANGHAI.

About six weeks ago Mr. Robert Cameron, who resides on the Miami river, a few miles below Hamilton, Butler county, Ohio, discovered a bald eagle's nest on a huge sycamore tree standing near the river, and one of his sons, an active and adventurous fellow, by "tall climbing" reached the eyrie, and made a prize of two eggs of the bird of our country, which were at once deposited under a "setting hen," and in two weeks, a fine lusty eagle picked the shell, and made his appearance. The Cincinnati "Commercial" says—"One of the eggs proved a failure, and this, with the eggs of the hen, were thrown away, it being considered that the barnyard fowl would have quite enough to attend to in the person of the feathered 'prince imperial' and the chicken and egret are both, we are pleased to learn, doing as well as could be expected. The plebeian nurse fowl is, we are informed by Mr. Cameron, apparently, at times, very much astonished at the eccentricities of his royal highness the infant bird of Jove, whose crooked beak, and stout, sharp, crooked beak, and appetite for fish and flesh, are slightly terrible, and beyond her appreciation. Still she attempts to relieve his wants with true motherly devotion, and in trying to induce him to take a promenade, clucks at him vainly by the hour. His legs are not serviceable, and disclaiming to crawl after her, he looks with eager aspirations, as becomes his illustrious race, skyward. He is very fond of fish, and luxuriates in rats and snakes, though he is not yet strong enough to skin them for himself. The quantity of skinned garter snake that he consumes is queer, he being competent to dispose of almost his weight in that article of prepared snake."

WIFE'S REPARTEE.—"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."

An old lady entirely out of the hearing of the preacher's voice at the camp meeting, being found sobbing, was asked why she wept, since she could not hear the words of the minister. "O," said she, "I can see the help of my tears."

PRICE OF PUPPIES IN ENGLAND.—The pack of hounds of Mr. Richard Sutton were sold a few weeks since, under the hammer of Quorn Kennels, Leicester-shire, England. The hunting pack, consisting of thirty nine dogs, from one to five years old, sold for seven thousand five hundred dollars. The puppies, fifty in number, were put up in lots of five each, and brought altogether two thousand three hundred dollars.

Did you ever buy a horse? If so, you have been struck with surprise at the great number of horses just seven years old. A shrewd Scotch jockey whom I once employed to aid in the selection of a horse, as he examined the animal's mouth inquired of the seller "how old is he?" "Seven years." "Ah," said Johnny, "that seven year ago was a tremendous year for colts."

The sword worn by Napoleon Bonaparte at the battle of Marong, in 1800, was purchased by the Emperor Nicholas in 1850, just half a century after it was used by Napoleon.

## PREMIUMS TO FARMER'S BOYS.

Horace Greeley has offered a premium of \$50, to the New York boy under eighteen years of age, who shall grow within that state the best acre of Indian corn during 1856.

Likewise, \$50 to the New York boy under eighteen, who shall, in 1856, grow the best acre of carrots.

Our old friend Col. S. D. Harris, of the Ohio Cultivator says: We like the spirit of Mr. Greeley's proposition, but we are not so rich as Mr. Greeley, so we will offer according to our means. We will give a full set of 12 vols. of the Ohio Cultivator, to the Ohio boy who will raise the best acre of corn this year, and report to us for publication, in accordance with the above suggestions, by the first of Jan., 1857, provided there shall be ten competitors for this premium. Now boys pick in for the Ohio Cultivator Premium, and show the Yorkers how to raise corn. And since our jurisdiction extends considerably beyond the State of Ohio, we will give a like premium to any Cultivator boy West of Ohio, under the same regulations. Pitch in, Hoosiers, Sackers, Badgers, Wolverines, Hawk-eyes, and all the rest of ye!

The ensign of Niagara consists of three stripes, two of sky blue with a white stripe in the center. In the midst of the white is a circular device of the Seal of State and the representation of seven volcanoes, in token of the volcanic range of Niagara.

A BROTHER'S REVENGE.—On Thursday last, at the Washington Navy Yard, a young man named Jarboe, shot and killed a fellow workman named Nally, for seducing his sister. The young man, accompanied by his sister, called upon the seducer, and appealed to him to comply with his alleged obligations by marrying the unfortunate girl. This was positively refused by Nally. Jarboe then deliberately told him that he must take the consequences, and instantly drew a pistol and fired. The ball entered a little below Nally's heart. Nally hastened home, reached his mother's house, and expired in a few minutes.—Jarboe and his sister calmly left the scene. He acknowledged the deed, and told the excited crowd which immediately gathered around, to be calm, and that he was going to surrender himself immediately. He did so, and was committed to await his trial.

IMPROVED "COMPOSING STICK."—A composing stick, so made as to dispense with the use of a screw in making fast the slide, while at the same time it may be adjusted to any measure desirable with the utmost facility and with reliable accuracy, has been constructed by W. T. Tillinghast, foreman of our news room. The slide of the stick is fastened securely by an ingenious contrivance, and it is done in an instant. There is nothing which makes the improvement stick any more inconvenient to handle than the old one, and the "machinery" is very simple and strong. The convenience of such a stick, especially for job work, will be readily appreciated by printers. Mr. Tillinghast has applied for a patent.—*Dayton Enquirer.*

BOOTS TO RUM HIM.—A young man was well nigh being ruined by a legacy left him a few years ago by his father.—It was \$25,000, and the career he ran in Chicago, the fastest town in America, made him a pauper and a miserable broken down loafer, who was from a liberal sowing of wild oats, now reaping a most abundant crop of repentance. In this mood and tense it was announced to him that a deceased uncle had just left him \$30,000. "Oh dear," was his exclamation, "have I got to go through all this again? It'll kill me as sure as shooting. It's no use to fight against fate, for they are bound to ruin me."

PRICE OF PUPPIES IN ENGLAND.—The pack of hounds of Mr. Richard Sutton were sold a few weeks since, under the hammer of Quorn Kennels, Leicester-shire, England. The hunting pack, consisting of thirty nine dogs, from one to five years old, sold for seven thousand five hundred dollars. The puppies, fifty in number, were put up in lots of five each, and brought altogether two thousand three hundred dollars.

Did you ever buy a horse? If so, you have been struck with surprise at the great number of horses just seven years old. A shrewd Scotch jockey whom I once employed to aid in the selection of a horse, as he examined the animal's mouth inquired of the seller "how old is he?" "Seven years." "Ah," said Johnny, "that seven year ago was a tremendous year for colts."

The sword worn by Napoleon Bonaparte at the battle of Marong, in 1800, was purchased by the Emperor Nicholas in 1850, just half a century after it was used by Napoleon.